

To face the Title.



THE WARY MOTHER.

Juvenile Tattler.

Page 74.

To face the Title.



THE WARY MOTHER.
Juvenile Tattler. Page 74.

K. F., S., T. H. E.

~~12804~~ ff. 13

JUVENILE TATLER.

B Y

A SOCIETY

O F

Young Ladies.

Under the TUITION of

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

London:

PRINTED BY AND FOR JOHN MARSHALL No. 4

ALDERMARY CHURCH-YARD, BOW-LANE;

AND NO. 17, QUEEN-STREET, CHEAPSIDE.

1790.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

LIBRARY

OF THE

BRITISH MUSEUM



1851

1851

PRINTED BY AND FOR JOHN WILKINS
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE
AND SOLD BY THE BOOKSELLERS, LONDON

DEDICATION

To Miss S----- F-----.

MY DEAR,

I HAVE never given myself the pleasure of dedicating to you one of my little volumes ; which I wish to do : and, therefore, request your acceptance of this:— The lessons contained in it are, perhaps, rather above your present age ; but I think that a few years hence, when they are better suited to your time of life, you will value them the more from the circumstance of their being thus addressed to you ; and, am certain, that you

A 2

will

iv DEDICATION.

will esteem them *much beyond their
real worth* for my sake: knowing
(as you do) with how much sincerity
and tendernefs I fign myself,

My Dear,

Your affectionate Aunt,

E----- F----

INTRODUCTION.

MRS. *Teachwell*, having published a small number of essays, under the title of "The FEMALE GUARDIAN," now offers a few little tracts, *supposed* to be written chiefly by her pupils.

Among other expedients for promoting the improvement of her scholars, by strewing the paths of literature with flowers; one very successful method was this:

vi INTRODUCTION.

By one of the pleasure-houses, with which the gardens at the *Grove* abounded, was placed an urn:* into this the young ladies were invited to put any composition of their own, on whatever subject they chose: I say *invited*; because this was not a task, but an amusement; and one in which Mrs. *Teachwell* herself engaged.

It may reasonably be supposed, that the opening of this collection was expected with some impatience; and that few of the family would choose to be absent when notice was given that

* See *Female Guardian*, No. IV. Page 19.

INTRODUCTION. vii

that some of its contents were to be divulged: the summons to those who wished to be present at the perusal of such papers as Mrs *Teachwell* esteemed proper for general entertainment, was the sound of a *Gong*;* and it was amazing to see the eagerness with which the young folk repaired to the place.

The private perusal, previous to this meeting, afforded Mrs. *Teachwell* great satisfaction; but the little assembly was one of her highest entertainments:—all were easy; all were cheerful;

* A kind of drum made of metal.

viii INTRODUCTION.

ful ; free from such apprehensions as diffidence would have occasioned, had each writer avowed her composition ; every one enjoyed the scene without alloy.

Some of these papers, selected by *Mrs. Teackwell*, from those written by the elder pupils, are here collected into a volume, by the name of, *The JUVENILE TATLER.*

T H E
C O N T E N T S.

	Page.
THE FOOLISH MOTHER.....	11
THE PRUDENT DAUGHTER.....	21
THE INNOCENT ROMP.....	35
THE WIFE	53
THE WARY MOTHER	72



1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general
2. description of the country and its resources.
3. The second part is devoted to a description of the
4. principal towns and cities.
5. The third part is devoted to a description of the
6. principal rivers and lakes.
7. The fourth part is devoted to a description of the
8. principal mountains and hills.
9. The fifth part is devoted to a description of the
10. principal forests and parks.

JUVENILE TATLER.

The FOOLISH MOTHER.

A Parlour in Mrs. Giddy's House.

Mrs. STEADY, Mrs. GIDDY.

Mrs. GIDDY.

I ENVY you ; your ten children are less trouble than my two.

Mrs. STEADY.

Poor things ! they are as little trouble as any children.

Mrs. GIDDY.

It is remarkable that they should all be so good-tempered, so docile.

Mrs.

Mrs. STEADY.

They are obedient to me, and obliging to each other.

Mrs. GIDDY.

They seem never to be unhappy.

Mrs. STEADY.

They are always content.

Mrs. GIDDY.

My boys are always crying; yet I give them every thing which they ask for—how do you manage?

Mrs. STEADY (*smiling.*)

I give my children only what is proper for them.

Mrs. GIDDY.

Oh dear!—mine would roar all day; we should be distracted with their noise, if we were to deny them any thing.

Mrs. STEADY.

You should be firm in your refusals;

they would not *roar* if they found that they gained nothing by *roaring*.

Mrs. GIDDY.

I would be firm—I often refuse them a second, nay, a third time; till they weary me out with crying.

Mrs. STEADY.

That is the purpose for which they cry; why do you not send them into a distant room, out of hearing?—they would then soon leave off.

Mrs. GIDDY.

My boys would not go—I wish I could govern my children; tell me how you manage yours.

Mrs. STEADY.

I never allow them to have an idea of disobedience.

Mrs. GIDDY.

But when they ask for any thing—if I do not give my boys what they ask for directly, they shriek like pigs.

Mrs. STEADY.

If you were always peremptory, they would never expect to move you by solicitation; this would spare them much anxiety, many fruitless wishes, abundance of disappointments. If one of my children ask: ‘pray may I do this?’ ‘may I have that?’ whether I answer *Yes* or *No*, they are equally content.

Mrs. GIDDY.

La me! how wonderful!

Mrs. STEADY.

If I take any thing from a little one (though they very rarely touch what does not belong to them without leave) he never
grieves

grieves, but goes to play with some of his toys.

Mrs. GIDDY.

Bless me!—mine would throw a toy at my head which I offered in exchange.*

Mrs. STEADY.

You must excuse me: it is your own fault that your children are so refractory.

Mrs. GIDDY.

How so?—my fault!—do you think that I approve such behaviour?

Mrs. STEADY.

You should have accustomed them to obedience from their earliest infancy.

Mrs. GIDDY.

In their infancy!—no! no! they looked

* Can spoiled children be set in too disagreeable a light?

so pretty when they tried to scold and fight in their nurse's arms!—they often made me laugh.

Mrs. STEADY.

Alas, Madam! you neglected the dawn of evil passions, and now you see your error.

Mrs. GIDDY.

My children have such high spirits, that there is no keeping them in such subjection as your tame things.

Mrs. STEADY.

All children have high spirits; all are born to pride and passion; we are naturally prone to evil.

Mrs. GIDDY.

I should not chuse to break the spirit of my children too much.

Mrs.

Mrs. STEADY.

They may perhaps break your heart, if you suffer them to grow up proud and passionate.

Mrs. GIDDY.

You would laugh to see how *Thomas* lords it over *Jerry*, and *Jerry* vents his passion upon the cat.

Mrs. STEADY.

No—I should never laugh to see tyranny, oppression, and cruelty, even in miniature.

CHILDREN.

making a noise without, exclaim,
I will go in! I will go in!

MAID (*without.*)

Indeed master, you must *not*. Your Mamma ordered me to keep you out.

CHILDREN (*without.*)

Let me in! let me in!

MAID (*without.*)

Master! you will kick all the paint off the door.

BOY (*without.*)

Let go of the lock then, and let me go in!

MAID (*without.*)

I dare not indeed.

BOY (*without.*)

I *will* go!

Mrs. GIDDY (*calls.*)

Mary—You must let the boys come in, else we shall have no peace.

(*enter boys.*)

Mrs. GIDDY.

Why do you not make a bow? Mrs. Steady is not used to such unmannerly boys

boys—come and speak to the lady. Now you see they will do nothing which they are desired to do. I will take little *Catharine* home from nurse, and then I shall not care for you ; I will send you both to school, to be whipped.

Mrs. STEADY.

Indeed, Madam, instead of rooting up weeds, you sow the seeds—you are planting envy and jealousy in their bosoms—besides, why give them a dislike to school ?

Mrs. GIDDY.

I will beg two of Mrs. *Steady's* boys, they are good.

Mrs. STEADY.

Pardon me, I will not lend them ; they would not be good long with you.

Mrs. GIDDY.

I am ashamed of you both ; when you
should

should behave best, you are most unruly :
now I have company you are worse than
usual.

Mrs. STEADY.

I will not interrupt the young gentlemen : so I will ring the bell, and order my coach to drive up—Madam, your servant !

THE PRUDENT DAUGHTER.

MISS SNEER—MISS WARNER.

MISS SNEER.

I AM surprized that Mrs. *Warner* should treat you so like a child; but more surprized that you should submit to such treatment; *tall* as you are—if I were of your height, I—

MISS WARNER.

Pray do you think that height exempts one from obedience?

MISS SNEER.

I say, I should be ashamed to be so governed, if I were almost six feet high.

MISS

Miss WARNER.

I should be ashamed to be refractory, if I were seven feet high.

Miss SNEER.

You are outrageously good; how ridiculous it is for a woman, who is half a head taller than her mother, to decline consenting to take a walk till she has asked leave of her Mamma!

Miss WARNER.

I am very glad that I did consult my mother; she was certainly the best judge whether the proposal was such as it would be prudent for me to accept; you know that there was a large party, and the walk was to be public.

Miss SNEER.

Pretty creature! Why do you not get leading-strings?—*visible* ones I mean; for you *do* wear them upon your mind.

Miss WARNER.

So I will continue to do, I assure you, in spite of all the raillery which even your vivacity can bestow upon me.

Miss SNEER.

I hope Mamma will refuse you a few times when your heart is set upon her consent: *that* will convince you of your folly.

Miss WARNER.

You are mistaken; a refusal would convince me that the plan was an indiscreet one; and then I should rejoice that I had not been so imprudent as to neglect consulting a friend, who could see the impropriety of my engaging in it.

Miss SNEER.

You scarcely know what denial is yet. Mr. Fop's ball is the only disappointment
you

you have met with; you may change your opinion when you have experienced a few more of those prudent refusals.

Miss WARNER.

Since you mention Mr. *Fop's* ball, I must tell you, that I should myself have declined going to it.

Miss SNEER.

Pshaw! I do not believe you.

Miss WARNER.

Indeed I should.

Miss SNEER.'

And why?—is dancing grown disagreeable to you?

Miss WARNER.

Not so; I love dancing as well as ever I did; but the love of dancing shall never draw me into imprudence. You know that there was no proper lady at the head; why was not my mother invited!

Miss SNEER.

Now the mystery is explained; Mrs. Warner was mortified at being left out of the party.

Miss WARNER.

I insist upon it, that you shall not take such liberties with my mother.

Miss SNEER.

Your mother, child, is at present a handsome woman; and, I dare say, your mother likes to show her beauty, though she may be too artful for you to perceive it.

Miss WARNER (*rising.*)

I will not sit to hear the caution of my excellent parent imputed to an unworthy motive—I bear with patience what you say of myself—but my mother—

Miss SNEER.

Come, come, sit down: I will not meddle with Mamma any more—and so you would not have gone?

Miss WARNER.

No indeed!—I chose to have the refusal come from my mother; but I saw great objections to the scheme; I was convinced that it would not appear delicate for a tall girl, such as I am, to accept an invitation to a ball, made, truly, in honour of me, and my mother not to be present.

Miss SNEER.

When any gentleman offers to make a dance for me, I will be less prudish. I dare say you regretted your loss the whole evening.

Miss

Miss WARNER.

I never spent a more agreeable afternoon and evening ; I assure you, I rejoiced frequently that I was at home.

Miss SNEER.

Well, Mr. *Fop* had bespoken the music and the supper before your *wisdom* was consulted ;—so we had our ball, and I never danced more joyously ;—now, tell truth, did you think of any thing else all that evening ?

Miss WARNER.

I reflected with satisfaction how much happier I was at home, than to have been conscious that I was in an indelicate, awkward situation.

Miss SNEER.

Upon my word, I believe you would have returned in perfect safety—there were

no attempts to carry us off by force to *Scotland*; but perhaps your superior charms might have tempted some *naughty man*, ha! ha! ha!

Miss WARNER.

Your sarcasms make no impression upon me; my sentiments will remain the same, as well as my resolutions.

Miss SNEER.

Will you favour me with some of these wise maxims by which you govern yourself?

Miss WARNER.

You will excuse me; since I know it will only afford you a subject for ridicule.

Miss SNEER.

Oh! you do not know what impression you may make upon me—try what you can do.

Miss

Miss WARNER.

A prudent girl will never venture into mixed companies of young people, but under the protection of some woman of fashion and character. If I were to do it, I should feel such a consciousness of impropriety, as would deprive me of all pleasure. The attention which might have gratified me, had I been in company with my mother, or a friend deputed by my mother, to afford me the sanction of her presence; such attention, I say, would give me pain. I should construe the notice which I might chance to attract into an insult, rather than a compliment; and what I should have received as a civility in the presence of a proper guardian, would seem to me an affront, if I had exposed myself alone.

Miss SNEER.

So much for your sentiments—now let me hear your resolutions; but could you not comprise them in fewer words?

Miss WARNER.

They may be comprised in very few words—my resolutions are to be directed by the wisdom and experience of my friends, and to act agreeably to my sentiments, regardless of the ridicule of—but I will not use too harsh a word, since *you* condescend to be of the number of those who disapprove my conduct.

Miss SNEER.

You are very obliging—but your sermon has been rather long; excuse me if I yawn; surely the hour for our walk will soon arrive; this *prudent* walk, which you are allowed to partake of. I will
whisper

whisper the men to be very cautious how they speak to you, lest you should think yourself affronted, as dear Mamma is not in the company.

Miss WARNER.

*(walking about as if she were reflecting—
then approaching Miss Sneer, she says,)*

You have taken such freedoms with my mother as I can ill endure; it does not become me to hear reflections cast upon her, nor will I.

Miss SNEER.

Perhaps she will forbid you to see me in future?

Miss WARNER.

I shall not wait for her prohibition—as you will persist in striving to loosen the bonds of filial affection and duty, you must excuse me if I do not wait upon you very soon, nor very often.

Miss

Miss SNEER.

I understand you: I will take my leave now, Madam; Mrs. *Warner* will doubtless think you very prudent and polite for turning me out of *her* house.

Miss WARNER.

I would not make my dear mother a party in our disputes; nor do I wish to have an open breach; but you must pardon me if I say, that I cannot think of being intimate with a person whose opinions are so opposite to my own. Perhaps I dare not trust myself to hear your continual gibes upon obedience; it is dangerous listening to advice which we ought not to follow; perhaps not less dangerous to hear such perpetual misrepresentations. I would not for the world think of my mother's instructions otherwise than as I do—the commands of a parent—

Miss

MISS SNEER.

You are now making a serious affair of a trifle—*commands*—

MISS WARNER.

The *wish* of a tender parent is a *mild command*; and she who thinks lightly of compliance in a seeming trifle, will soon forget the reverence which she ought to feel; the awful affection which is due to such a mother as mine.

MISS SNEER.

If parents really considered only the propriety or impropriety of an action, and remembering their own youthful inclinations, indulged their children as far as discretion would permit—but there is much ill-humour—

MISS WARNER.

Stop there—regulate your *own* conduct
—take

—take care that no sullen frown appear upon your brow when your wish is not gratified—conclude, that Mrs. Sneer has wise reasons for her refusal, though she does not acquaint you with them. Submit cheerfully to her restrictions; submit without a murmur, in confidence that a mother acts from principle, and not caprice; let me persuade you to this, and believe me you will be happy.

Miss SNEER.

(as she stands looking alternately at her watch, in the glass, and out at the window—exclaims,)

There come the company to call us! There is Mr. Fop and Mr. Strut! I wonder how they heard of the scheme! let us ring for our hats.

Miss WARNER.

You will excuse me: I must decline accompanying you. The

THE INNOCENT ROMP;
A D R A M A.

P E R S O N S.

Mr. BRISKLY, *a widower.*

Miss BRISKLY, *his only daughter, who is
just returned from a convent, where she
had been educated.*

Mrs. FREEMAN, *sister to Mr. Briskly. She
is supposed to reside at some distance, and to
be come to pay a first visit to her niece.*

Miss PRUDENCE FREEMAN, *her daughter.*

SCENE—A Parlour.

Mrs.

Mrs. FREEMAN *and her daughter sitting.*

Mr. BRISKLY *at the door: as he enters,*
he exclaims with emotion,

I CANNOT find my daughter any where!
Is she returned?

Mrs. FREEMAN.

No, brother.

Mr. BRISKLY.

Have you heard of her?

Mrs. FREEMAN.

I have not—have you inquired among
the servants?—what do they say?

Mr. BRISKLY.

They all tell me she went into the garden: and *Peach* says that he saw her pass the hot-house as he was at work; but he is positive she never returned the same way—surely!—I know not what to think.

Mrs.

Mrs. FREEMAN.

Brother, do not alarm yourself; I trust that nothing is amiss.

Mr. BRISKLY.

Something *must* be amiss—what shall I do?—whither send?—hark!—it is her voice! thank Heaven!

Miss BRISKLY.

Enters in disorder and breathless; she exclaims with vivacity, as she runs to embrace Mrs. Freeman,

Dear aunt! I beg your pardon. I am rejoiced to see you—my sweet cousin, how do you do?

Mr. BRISKLY.

What has been the matter?

Miss BRISKLY.

Oh nothing—Papa! you look frightened!

Mr. BRISKLY.

Whither did you go?—whence came you?

D

Miss

Miss BRISKLY (*laughing*)

I went into *our* garden; and I came from Mr. *Thompson's*, ha! ha!

Mr. BRISKLY.

Riddles!—explain yourself—how!

Miss BRISKLY.

How?—with great ease—(though I did not design it :) the high steps stood in the fruit-garden; thought I, I will just peep over the wall; so I ran up the steps—and what do you think I saw?—a ladder—it looked so tempting! and I thought I should startle the old lady as she took her afternoon's walk—ha! ha!—and down I went!

Mr. BRISKLY,

I thank God you are safe; but see! your apron is dirty; your ruffles torn; and your hair at your back; dear girl, go and adjust yourself—go and make yourself fit to appear before your aunt.

Miss

Miss BRISKLY.

I designed to be quite in order for my aunt's visit—and, bless me! what a figure I am! (*surveying herself.*) Cousin, will you accompany me?

Miss PRUDENCE.

With all my heart. (*they go out.*)

Mr. BRISKLY.

Sister, I have a thousand things struggling for utterance; they choak each other.

Mrs. FREEMAN.

Kitty looks very well; and seems much improved in her person.

Mr. BRISKLY.

I have waited with the eager impatience of a lover to show my girl to you—and now to have her appear to such disadvantage! it is very provoking!

Mrs. FREEMAN.

A harmless girl's trick.

Mr. BRISKLY.

But she is so tall! and we have such frequent tricks—though I should never have guessed at this.—Oh, sister! now I feel the loss of my wife with tenfold anguish—now my heart bleeds afresh—a mother would have led her gently to a more seemly conduct—you can pardon my tears.

Mrs. FREEMAN.

My dear brother, they need no apology. You say these kind of tricks frequently occur?

Mr. BRISKLY.

Oh, very often! and always when they are particularly *mal à propos*—Lord *Prim* came last week to make a morning visit; to pay his compliment, he said, upon my daughter's return.

Mrs.

The Juvenile Tailor.

Mrs. FREEMAN.

Very polite !

Mr. BRISKLY.

And where do you think he stumbled upon *Kitty* ? She was running in full chace after *Betty Dust*, the house-maid, with a rotten apple in her hand ; *Betty* seeing his lordship's coach stopped, and faced about—my romp, inattentive to every thing but her sport, seized the occasion, and threw the apple with all her might at her antagonist, with a design to hit her.

Mrs. FREEMAN.

Where was Lord *Prim* ?

Mr. BRISKLY.

Just alighted from his coach, proceeding up the colonade, with his hat in his hand, putting himself in precise order for a formal entrance.

Mrs. FREEMAN.

But the unlucky apple?

Mr. BRISKLY.

Unlucky indeed! it flew full in his face, and plaistered up one eye so completely, that you would have taken it for a patch.

Mrs. FREEMAN.

What became of *Kitty*?

Mr. BRISKLY.

She ran to *Pantry*, the house-keeper, and told her she must go directly and clean my Lord *Prim*.

Mrs. FREEMAN.

How passed the visit?

Mr. BRISKLY.

Terribly! When *Kitty* was introduced, and his Lordship was saluting her in form, she burst into a fit of laughter—oh! here she comes! (re-enter the young ladies.)

Miss

MISS BRISKLY.

Madam! I beg your pardon; I was dressed ready to receive you; was I not Papa?—dear Papa! I hope you are not displeased? *(going up to him.)*

MR. BRISKLY.

Look ever thus! sweet girl! Why do you not always appear so neat?—*(turning aside)*.
—Oh me! she is the image of her mother.

MISS KITTY.

Papa! I am very sorry I have given you concern; I did not hurt myself at all—and no person saw me fall.

MR. BRISKLY.

Did you then fall?—how?

MISS KITTY.

My petticoats hung upon the top of the ladder—my foot slipped, and I fell all along, the ladder with me—it was like flying—quite a frolick.

Mr.

Mr. BRISKLY.

A frolick!—I am sure you must be hurt.

Miss BRISKLY.

No indeed, Papa. I should like to fall
so twenty times, if I could be sure I was
not seen: and to make my cousin *Prudence*
fall too. La! cousin, 'tis delightful!
just like flying.*

Mr. BRISKLY.

Strange girl! Are you mad?

Miss BRISKLY.

Only frolicksome: I am delighted to see
my aunt and my cousin! I feel so full of
spirits, that I do not know what to do—
Cousin, will you walk into the garden?

Miss PRUDENCE.

I will walk, if it be agreeable to you;
but I do not chuse to fly.

* This was written before the invention of Air Balloons.

Miss BRISKLY.

Come, we will take a sober walk.

Mr. BRISKLY.

Hark you ! no ladders ! no schemes !

(the young ladies go out.)

Mr. BRISKLY.

(looking after her with tenderness.)

That girl, with the innocence of a vestal virgin, will become table-talk in every servants' hall in the county.

Mrs. FREEMAN.

I hope she will grow more sedate :—
have you ever talked seriously to her ?

Mr. BRISKLY.

Often !—then she weeps ; assures me she had no intention of entering into so wild a scheme ; but indeed she was so merry, that she scarcely knew what she did ;—begs me to forgive, and kiss her.

Mrs

Mrs. FREEMAN.

Harmless girl!

Mr. BRISKLY.

No sooner is this scene over, than the joy of reconciliation elates her spirits, and she is so unable to command herself, that I am certain some worse prank will be played in the next hour. Have none of her freaks reached your ear?—Tell me truly!

Mrs. FREEMAN.

I heard of her dressing the cat in baby-linen, and carrying it to Mr. *Starchband*, I think it was; is not that your curate's name?

Mr. BRISKLY.

That is more than I ever heard; tell me all you know! tell me quickly! did she disguise herself?

Mrs. FREEMAN.

Her disguise was that of an old woman.

Mr.

Mr. BRISKLY.

Who accompanied her?

Mrs. FREEMAN.

She made her old nurse go with her; she would not go alone; nor did she go up stairs; but begged Mr. *Starchband* to come down into the kitchen.

Mr. BRISKLY.

That's well—But this was a profane trick!

Mrs. FREEMAN.

I suppose she thought no further than the surprise it would be to the person who should lift up the mantle, and, possibly, the roguery of getting the parson scratched.*

* Let it not be supposed, that Miss *Eriskly* would suffer the sacred rite to begin; wild and thoughtless as she is described to be, we trust that she would be shocked

Mr.

MR. BRISKLY.

What can I do with her?—She is too old for the convent—if I sent her to board—but where can I trust her?—had I a governess on whom I could depend!—Sister! advise me.

MRS. FREEMAN.

Give me leave to take her home with me as a visitor; if I find her of a docile temper, I shall hope soon to wean her from these pranks.

MR. BRISKLY (*embracing her.*)

Sister, you transport me!—My girl is of a sweet tractable disposition, only wild with joy at having regained her liberty.

at the idea of such profanation. Mr. Starcbband was expected to raise the mantle, to be startled at the appearance of a black face; and Puss, displeased at such liberties, to catch at his hands.

Mrs.

Mrs. FREEMAN.

I believe it: the strict confinement of a convent accorded so ill with her vivacity, that she is now like a colt broken loose from his keeper. She is your *own* daughter, brother.

Mr. BRISKLY

I am persuaded she is of an amiable disposition: she is miserable if I frown. —Yes! these freaks all arise from giddy merriment; but female delicacy and idle frolics in public, accord but ill together.

Mrs. FREEMAN.

I am sanguine in my hope of taming her.

Mr. BRISKLY.

Not too strict restraint—no severity.

Mrs. FREEMAN.

Fear me not: I will not make her a deceitful prude.

E

Mr.

Mr. BRISKLY.

When she is neatly dressed, and tolerably sedate, I dote upon her: but she is returning, I will leave you together.

(he goes out.)

(The young ladies enter talking together.)

Miss BRISKLY.

My cousin tells me, that one of my idle tricks reached your ears.

Mrs. FREEMAN.

It did.

Miss BRISKLY.

That is very strange! but there was no harm in it; and if people will be so silly as to tell every thing that is done, I shall not make myself uneasy.

Mrs. FREEMAN.

My dear girl, I will not now enter into a discussion of the trick itself, only observe, that
I should

I should not wish my niece to afford conversation in kitchens and alehouses: it is not delicate for a young lady to have her name recorded as a noted romp—as rambling in disguise.

MISS BRISKLY

I never romp but with the maids, and not even in sight of the men.

MRS. FREEMAN.

I believe you. Yet report will say, “Miss *Briskly* romps with the servants;”—the next relater perhaps will say with the—

MISS BRISKLY (*running to her, cries out*)

Dear aunt! stop!

MRS. FREEMAN (*aside to her daughter*)

This will do.

Miss BRISKLY.

I often think I am foolish ; but my spirits quite run away with me. I feel ashamed even at the time ; and when my dear papa reproves me—

Enter Mr. BRISKLY, (who takes her in his arms.)

The W I F E.

P E R S O N S.

Mr. STEADY.

Sir CHARLES FREEMAN.

Miss FLIPPANT.

Miss SPITEFUL.

MR. *Steady* was a very worthy man, respected by all who either knew him, or had heard his character; a kind and useful friend; sincere in his attachments; ready to exert himself in the service of all who sought his assistance; faithful in the discharge of every duty of life, and uniformly affectionate towards his relations and friends.

But, being devoid of that forward zeal which flies to meet the wish of another, those who were but slightly acquainted with him, did not conceive an idea of the real benevolence which glowed at his heart, and guided his actions.

I am sorry to say, that he was not a favourite among the ladies; and few women had sufficient penetration to discover the excellence of his mind; or discretion to value those latent good qualities which were not displayed in warm professions of benevolence, or ostentatious boasts of sympathy and compassion.

Sir *Charles Freeman* had worth similar to that of his friend, embellished with such personal accomplishments and vivacity, as recommended him to immediate notice from the young, the gay, and the thoughtless, independent of his good qualities.

These two gentlemen were engaged in conversation in the corner of a public room at *Bath*, when Miss *Flippant* and Miss *Spiteful* seated themselves just by them; and, inquiring after their mothers and sisters, forced their attention to be turned to them.

Miss *Flippant* was one of that numerous tribe of females, who fancy that they display their wit by ridiculing every person whom they see.

Miss *Spiteful* was envious of the excellence which she never attempted to attain, or of the advantages which she could not reach; and seemed to imagine, that if she could derogate from the merit of others, she should reduce them to her own level.

MISS FLIPPANT.

I hear, Sir *Charles*, you are going to marry; I should be delighted to see the lady.

lady. What elegance should I expect in the woman who could captivate the accomplished Sir *Charles Freeman*!

(*Sir Charles bowed, and was silent.*)

Miss SPITEFUL.

I suppose she is very handsome?

Mr. STEADY.

Come ladies, spare Sir *Charles*—What company at the ball last night?

Miss FLIPPANT.

Lady *Lofty* opened the ball; she failed about the room with great satisfaction and stateliness—Miss *Gold*, the great fortune—Miss *Smart*, the great wit; and Miss *Rose*, the great beauty; and poor *Hamel*, neither a wit, a beauty, nor a fortune.

Miss SPITEFUL.

You brought her in as a contrast to the rest.

Miss

Miss FLIPPANT.

Poor thing! I would not forget her: it would be hard if her own sex did not think of her, since she has little chance among the men.

Miss SPITEFUL.

Unless some old cripple should want a nurse, and celebrate her praise to induce her to pity his pain, (of the gout) and ease the torment which he endures (in his toe.) Ha! ha! ha!

Sir CHARLES.

I have heard that Miss *Homely* is engaged.

Miss SPITEFUL.

To some hospital as matron?

Sir CHARLES.

I mean she is going to marry.

Miss FLIPPANT.

Pray tell us to whom?

Miss

MISS SPITEFUL,

Oh! do tell us; what sort of a creature is the man?

SIR CHARLES.

Excuse me talking of my *own sex*, ladies, lest I should deviate into detraction.

MISS SPITEFUL.

Nay, the man is no great object of envy, I think!

MR. STEADY.

I think otherwise; for he who gets a good wife gets a treasure; and Miss *Homely* is likely to be a good wife.

MISS FLIPPANT,

I should like to know your idea of a good wife?—a tame domestic creature, I suppose? whose amusement it would be to nurse, and instruct your children:—lord! I yawn at the thought. Excuse me; I shall
set

set you all to gaping.—Sir *Charles*! do you know Miss *Homely*?—I think she would suit Mr. *Steady*!

Sir CHARLES.

I know Miss *Homely* very well, Madam; she would make a reasonable man very happy, I am confident; for she is modest, discreet, and good-tempered; and though she does not shine brightest at a ball, she has a genteel address, and would acquit herself with credit at the head of a table.

Miss SPITEFUL.

She has been at the carving school, I suppose?

Sir CHARLES.

She is affable and gentle in her manner; each person feels confident of being welcome to her; each is gratified at the attention she pays;—without ever saying a flattering word,

word, she dismisses her guests fully persuaded, that she was pleased with their presence; and, consequently, with an opinion, that she is a very agreeable woman.

Miss SPITEFUL.

A charmingly quiet creature!

Sir CHARLES.

Where she has an intimacy she appears to be sensible; her mind is discovered to be improved by books, conversation, and experience, to a degree far above most of her sex; so that she is a most agreeable companion.

Miss FLIPPANT.

As wise and sententious, I suppose, as one's grandmother?

Sir CHARLES.

As sprightly, Madam, where vivacity is in season, as the most lively of her sex; but never either *pert* or *ensorious*:—she would
not

not say a harsh thing to be reputed smart; nay, she refrains from engaging in innocent repartee, lest she should be betrayed into uttering an offensive word; and never speaks of the absent, unless to vindicate them from censure.

MISS SPITEFUL.

It is very unfortunate for poor *Homely* that you are engaged, Sir *Charles*!

MISS FLIPPANT.

Indeed, Sir *Charles* draws a picture as flattering as a lover could do.

SIR CHARLES.

Love, it is true, throws a lustre on the object of affection, and magnifies the beauty and merit of the woman to whom we are attached. But in the case of Miss *Homely*, good qualities gave birth to love. I saw her excellence as a daughter, sister, friend;

F

and,

and, to be short, hope soon to experience her virtues as a wife.

MISS FLIPPANT (*starting*)

Spiteful! whither shall we run?

SIR CHARLES.

Be under no concern, ladies, you have given me no pain; nor will I enjoin you any penance, but to be silent half an hour, and hear a lecture from my friend and me.

Your aim is to please the men;—(*they rise*)—nay, I insist upon your attention; so sit down again: it is a natural and lawful aim; but let them be men of merit whom you seek to please. Mr. Steady, I wish you to assist me in informing these ladies how to gain the heart of such a man as yourself.

Where would you look for a wife?—You smile. If women could discern merit you would never meet with a refusal; but I

hope

hope some woman, superior to her sex, will yet be found to make you happy.

You, ladies, rarely hear the voice of truth, and may, perhaps, frown at the unaccustomed sound. The greater part of you are nursed in folly and vanity; from your cradle you imbibe mistaken notions, and scarcely correct them through life:—I speak the real sentiments of every reasonable man, when I tell you, that few of us ever think of taking a wife from among the gay things whom we follow at a ball.—No! in marriage we seek a companion for life, and are guided in our choice, by considerations widely different from those which direct us in selecting a partner for a dance. Personal charms, and gay accomplishments, it is true, have produced the indissoluble union; but happiness cannot be expected from such inadvertent matches.

He who should undertake a voyage round the world in a gay painted barge without mast, rudder, or pilot, would be just as wise, as the man who should be induced to offer his hand to the fluttering gaudy creature, who might attract his notice to trifle an idle hour with.

Yet, you will say, we admire and flatter the silly young things whom in our hearts we despise:—it is too true that we do so; and I shall be called a clown for my present sincerity; yet will I hazard your displeasure for your benefit.

Admiration is your wish: if you would seek esteem, you might enjoy that all your life.

Now, Mr. *Steady*, I must insist upon your telling these ladies what you wish to find in the woman whom you would choose for a wife.

Mr.

Mr. STEADY.

In a wife I should first wish for good understanding; next for a good temper, which, in a woman, should include a degree of meekness, which can endure the warmth or peevishness of a husband without retorting. I see you change colour ladies; but, whatever the *Lover* may appear, the *Husband* will certainly prove a mortal man, subject to passions, and expecting compliance and patience from his wife.

I would have her be discreet; so that she may not only *be* good, but *appear* so; a woman must shun reproach with the utmost caution. *Good name* in females is so delicate, that the breath of suspicion wounds it.

I wish her never to say a *foolish* thing, nor a *witty* one.

These I call *essentials*.

Respecting her person ; I would have her strait ; cleanly and healthy in her appearance ; I should not seek a woman who did not answer to that description. I should wish that she might be neither striking, nor disagreeable ; her countenance pleasing ; and capable, when she was engaged in conversation, of expressing her feelings : such a countenance I call a lasting beauty ; ever new, ever improving. I wish for something amiable and engaging in her manner ; “ something than beauty dearer.”

A capacity which would enable her to relish any study in which I should wish her to engage with me ; a relish for books when leisure hours occurred.

A taste for rational amusements, to enable her to pass the intervals of life without having recourse to diversions.

Such

Such a degree of fashionable accomplishments as would enable her to make a genteel appearance herself, and qualify her for the introducing of her children to polite learning.

The power of polishing the domestic scene will often retain the husband in his own house, when rusticity might drive him abroad in search of amusement.

A pliancy of disposition should have been named among essentials ; since, in a married life, it is the peculiar duty of a woman.

Now, Sir *Charles*, I claim of you to give the ladies a history of a *Rational Courtship*.

Sir CHARLES.

I am fearful of tiring your patience ;—but ladies delight in a tale of love and courtship, and I will enliven our dull moral discourse with one.

I had

I had seen Miss *Homely* many times before I remarked any degree of superiority in her mind. That modest reserve, for which I esteem her highly, concealed the charms of her understanding; and, till a common friend showed me a letter (written upon an occasion of importance, which did honour to her heart as well as head) I viewed her merely as a harmless, inoffensive young woman. My attention being roused by such a specimen of her abilities, I sought occasions of conversation with her in small circles of her intimate friends; and soon found her the most agreeable companion whom I had ever met with. Her character was unblemished, and she was reputed a woman of sweet temper; but still I did not think of her as a wife, till I saw her in the old family house at *Oakland*.

There

There she shone in her conduct towards her father, brothers, and domestics ; there she made a complete conquest of a heart which never before yielded ; but remained invulnerable amidst the throng of beauties, wits, and fortunes, who croud to public assemblies, to display their charms, and demand admiration.

Ladies, pardon my freedom ; I am on the eve of marriage with a woman whom I wish to place before your sex as an example, to teach you how to form yourselves into worthy characters.

Let me assure you, that the domestic scene is your province ; that your conduct towards your relations, friends, and dependants, is what will recommend you to such men as are likely to prove good husbands.

Well

Well-order'd Homeman's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life;
This be the Female Dignity and Praise.

THOMPSON.

THE

THE
WARY MOTHER.

A DRAMA.

In THREE PARTS.

IT IS VERY IMPORTANT FOR YOUNG
WOMEN EARLY TO DISTRUST MEN
IN GENERAL.

PERSONS.

Mrs. FORESIGHT, *a widow.*

LYDIA, *her daughter.*

Mrs. SEARCHWELL, *sister to Mrs. Foresight.*

Mr. VAINLOVE, *a distant relation of Mrs.*

Foresight's, at her house upon a visit.

T H E
W A R Y M O T H E R.
P A R T I.

The C O X C O M B.

SCENE—*A Parlour.*

Mrs. FORESIGHT, LYDIA, Mr. VAINLOVE.
VAINLOVE.

—AND is not Miss *Flash* married?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

She is not.

VAINLOVE.

Where is Miss *Modish*? is she single?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

She is.

VAINLOVE.

And is Miss *Faunty*, Miss *Faunty* still?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Still Miss *Faunty*.

VAINLOVE.

VAINLOVE.

What is become of Miss *Faddle*?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

She is gone to reside in town.

VAINLOVE.

Not married then?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Not married.

VAINLOVE.

Surely, this is the most unlucky place for ladies!—

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

You have pitched upon an unfortunate set; those women are not peculiarly calculated to make desirable wives.

VAINLOVE.

But Miss *Homespun* is sobriety itself; just fit for a matrimonial partner, according to your sober ideas: has she got a husband?

G

Mrs.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Miss *Homespun* (to use your own phrase) has not *got a husband*; really, you seem to think that women are born for no purpose but to get husbands.

VAINLOVE.

What do *you* think?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

That a young woman, who acquits herself with propriety in her father's house is a blessing: that her friends cannot be impatient to remove her from their roof; although they consent to part from her when a suitable match offers.

VAINLOVE (*sings*)

"Will you marry me, dear *Ally Croker*?

Will you marry me, dear *Ally Ally Croker*?"

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

I care as little for your contempt to
me,

me, as I do for your insolence to all the rest of the sex.

VAINLOVE.

Pardonnez moi. You make me a barbarous fellow. I show contempt to the sex! the lovely sex!

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

The highest degree of insolence. You may sing again if you please; for, though I talk to *you*, it is my daughter who I wish should hear.—My dear *Lydia*, Mr. *Vainlove* is a wild, idle creature, you must regard nothing which he says.

VAINLOVE.

What! not when I tell her how handsome she is!

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Least of all then; for flattery is but another sort of insult; it is an insult upon the understanding.

VAINLOVE.

Cousin *Lydia* ! your mother will make you such an unfashionable queer creature, that I shall blush to own you for my relation.

LYDIA.

Do you ever speak in earnest ?

VAINLOVE.

Yes ; when I tell you that I admire you.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

My daughter might as well take her ideas from the herd of novels, plays, and poems, as from your conversation ; indeed you do but retail the notions which they inculcate— notions widely different from what I would wish to instil ;—I would have her think of her sex with dignity ; such as *Milton*——

VAINLOVE.

I hope you do not make *Lydia* read *Milton* ?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

I shall not ask you to recommend authors.

VAINLOVE.

I will fetch a book which I know she
will admire. (*goes out.*)

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

My dear *Lydia*, is not this cousin of ours
an odd creature?

LYDIA.

I do not know him yet, Madam.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

You may. If you were to spend ten years
with him there is nothing more to be discovered ; he is merely " powder and pocket-
glafs."

LYDIA.

I wonder he is not sometimes angry
at what you say to him.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

There always was a "Merry war" be-
tween us ; nothing but his good-humour

could make him bearable—does he answer your expectation? is he such a creature as you had supposed from my representation?

LYDIA.

I-don't-know;—is he so very silly as you were used to think him?

M s. FORESIGHT.

My love, if you could take down his conversation in writing, you would soon perceive how empty he is; I should not then fear its effect; but it is much that a handsome face, and a smart air, can do with youth and inexperience.

LYDIA.

Madam!

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

I say, my dear, that I am sorry when Folly and Absurdity come recommended by an agreeable face and person.

LYDIA.

LYDIA.

I hope you do not think that I—

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

I am fearful that you may insensibly imbibe some of the ridiculous absurd notions which he is perpetually broaching; and, lest you should, I endeavour to caution you against them.—Were you not shocked when he was so arch upon Mr. *Preachwell*?

LYDIA.

Indeed I was; but I had forgotten that.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Marriage, clergy, and women; these are the topics upon which fools attempt to be witty.

LYDIA.

Fools!

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

A harsh appellation, but properly applied
to

to those who make themselves despicable by an affectation of humour; who aim at wit by being profane;—I would not teach you to condemn ignorance, if ignorance did not assume airs of superior knowledge; Mr. *Vainlove* seeks to appear smart by deriding things sacred; such as do this are really fools.

(*Re-enter Vainlove with a book in his hand, Mrs. Foresight takes it, just as Vainlove has presented the book, and, looking at it, exclaims*)

Stuff! the *title* is sufficient.

VAINLOVE.

You will allow *Lydia* to judge for herself; I will put it into your basket; it is *The Art of Love and Courtship*.

LYDIA.

Pray take it out of my basket.

VAINLOVE.

VAINLOVE.

You need not read in it.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Nor would she; but it might be suspected that she did. Take your book away, or I shall burn it.

VAINLOVE.

After all, it is an art better taught *de vive voix*;—and I am at your service.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

You are prodigal of your lessons by word of mouth.

VAINLOVE.

Would you have me make love in pantomime?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Should you ever address a rational woman, it would be your only method; for speech would interrupt your success.

VAINLOVE.

VAINLOVE.

Miss *Lydia*, what do you say?

LYDIA.

You talk so fast, that there is little room for me to speak.

VAINLOVE.

Shall I sigh in heroics?—shall I kneel at your feet, and protest that I am dying for you.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

If you ever did attempt to feign a passion for a daughter of mine, I should wish you to take those methods; for then you would be sure to meet with that contempt which your pretences deserved.

VAINLOVE.

Why talk of feigning and pretences?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Because you are incapable of love. You are a mere *Narcissus*; nay, if you *could* be attached

attached to aught but your own sweet image, who would marry a man who rails at women, love, and marriage? who spares not even religion? who scatters poison—

VAINLOVE.

Well, cousin, you have always your antidotes at hand.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

To say truth, they are scarcely necessary; for you are so liberal in your doses of poison, that they make one sick, and so defeat their own purpose.

VAINLOVE (*whispers to Mrs. Foresight.*)

You seem to be rather afraid of me, I think.

Mrs. FORESIGHT (*in a low voice.*)

You ought to be labelled, lest you should be taken by mistake for something better than you are.

VAINLOVE.

VAINLOVE.

Cousin *Lydia*, I beg your pardon for whispering.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Half your conversation may well be spared.

Enter a servant.

SERVANT.

Madam, Mrs. *Searchwell* is in the drawing room.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

We will attend her.

T H E
W A R Y M O T H E R.
P A R T II.

The FRIENDLY SISTER.

Mrs. FORESIGHT and Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

ARE you sure that my niece thinks of
Vainlove with the contempt which he merits?

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

I doubt she thinks him a pretty fellow.

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

She certainly thinks him one of the finest
gentlemen whom she knows.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

I hoped I had taught her to know a real
fine gentleman better.

H

Mrs.

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

But a pair of sparkling eyes, and a little flattery from a smart fellow—

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Might soon subvert all the maxims which I have been labouring to inculcate.

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

He has a volubility and confidence which might deceive an older person than *Lydia*.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Women you mean;—his own sex, to a man, think him a fool.

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

Fool as he is, he has art; he is insinuating.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

I wish that he had not come till next summer; *Lydia* will then have been introduced in public; she will have seen variety of characters, and will know a little of life.

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

I wish he had not come at all—for my niece's sake I wish it.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

What do you mean?—surely—

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

Do not alarm yourself.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

He is not capable of a serious attachment.

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

But he can feign one; and though you are not fearful of seeing your daughter his wife—

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Fondly as I love her, I had rather see her in the grave;—but there is no fear of that.

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

Still he may rob her of peace of mind;

Lydia is not perfectly free from vanity ; should he flatter the girl into an idea that he admires her, she may return the admiration. I would not have you lull yourself in security.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Security !—alas sister !—where such a treasure as a daughter's heart is concerned, a mother never feels security ;—but I hope that you have no grounds for your suspicion.

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

Of his intention I *have* ;—none of its success.——Here is a letter which I wish you to see ; it was written just before he set off for this journey, and is addressed to an acquaintance of his, unworthy to be dignified with the name of friend.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

(*Having perused the letter once, runs it over again half aloud.*)

——“pleasure of a conquest.—”

“Young creature unacquainted with the world.”

——“Watchful mother; whom to deceive would be glorious—”

“Receive accounts of my progress—”

“No doubt of success—flattery—”

“Vanity of a youthful female—”

“Laugh together at the folly of the young thing when we meet—”

“Return in triumph to town—List of sighing virgins.”—

(Exclaims)

I knew him to be a fool, made up of vanity, self-conceit, and impudence; but I knew not that he was capable of such wickedness. Base fellow! I will instantly—no!—sister, what shall I do?—advise me, else I may take some rash step.

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

Be calm:—rejoice that we are in possession of this clue.—I have a plan.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

O! tell me—

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

I wish not to be questioned upon the subject yet:—let us retire to your chamber, and confer together how we may best:—but I hear his voice, we must hasten away.

T H E
W A R Y M O T H E R.
P A R T III.

The ECLAIRCISEMENT.

Mrs. FORESIGHT and Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

NOTHING ever was more fortunate than this visit from Miss *Smith*.

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

It has done more for us than the eloquence of *Cicero* could have effected.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Lydia now has *seen* him. I thought that I had known him pretty thoroughly, but I was mistaken: well might my daughter
be

be deceived! there will now be no occasion to produce this letter; her eyes are opened without it.

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

At any rate I should have been entirely against her seeing the letter.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

There was nothing to degrade her, since he had not had any interview with her when he wrote it.

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

But she would have been unable to conceal her indignation, and his vanity might have taught him to impute her displeasure, to the notice which he had taken of Miss *Smith*.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

It is true; and we should not have been at liberty to explain the cause of her resentment.

Mrs.

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

'Cold indifference;—neglect; contempt will mortify his vanity more than expostulation: but here is *Lydia*!—My dear girl, you come very opportunely; we were talking of your new cousin: I think that Miss *Smith* will fancy he is in love with her; what say you?

LYDIA.

Madam, I am no judge.

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

I should have feared that the most discreet young woman might be deceived into an opinion that he liked her; and though I think him far from being such a man as would be dangerous to a well-taught mind, which has had any experience—

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

You have seen him now *Lydia*.

LYDIA.

LYDIA.

I was fearful that he had taken a liking to *me*; and I was certain that you would not approve of *such* a connection.

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

So you imputed his fine speeches to the overflowings of his heart? You are a little novice!—be guided by the discretion of your mother, my dear.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

So often as Mr. *Vainlove* exclaimed against marriage, and spoke degradingly of women, with contempt of love, how could you imagine—I cannot but smile at your simplicity: since the consequence was no worse, I smile. Let this be a lesson to you, *Lydia*: such men are incapable of attachment.

LYDIA.

LYDIA.

I thought he might change his opinion when he met with a woman who pleased him.

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

Vanity commonly leads to folly; *so* it would have happened to you, but that this accidental visit from Miss *Smith* has convinced you.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Surely his contempt of religion to such a young woman you, should—

LYDIA.

I should have hoped that he would reform.

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

Many a young woman has sacrificed her peace to that vain hope.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

I trust that he will never marry; if he

should, miserable indeed will be the woman whom he makes his wife.

Mrs. SEARCHWELL.

He has been known to attempt winning the affections of a worthy young woman, artless, innocent, and unsuspecting, merely to make a jest of her.

Mrs. FORESIGHT.

I only thought him one of the numerous tribe of worthless insects who infest all our public assemblies, fluttering and buzzing about every young woman; as peevish and insolent as a wasp, but without a sting; scarcely worth flapping away, unless he were unusually impertinent and troublesome.

LYDIA.

Since my aunt has discovered his wickedness I shall thoroughly despise him.

T H E N D.

